Author of "Monica," "Mona Screlly," "Phyllis" etc., etc. CHAPTER X

In the meantime the daylight twin-dies, and twilight descends. Even that too departs, and now darkness falls upon the distressed household, and still there is no news of Sir Adrian. Arthur Dynecourt, who is already

beginning to be treated with due re spect as the next here to the baronetcy, has quietly hinted to old Lady FitzAlmont that perhaps it will be as well, in the extraordinary circumstances, if to him demanding vengeance, he gazes they all take their departure. This the in a dazed way at the center of the old lady, though strongly disinclined to quit the eastle, is debating in her own mind, and, being swayed by Lady Gertrude, who is secretly rather bored own mind, and, being swayed by Lady Gertrude, who is secretly rather bored by the dullness that has ensued on the strange absence of their host, decides to leave on the morrow. To the morrow to the corners where the dusky shadows lie, brought thither by the glare of his small lantern. Relactantly between strange absence of their host, decides to leave on the morrow, to the great distress of both Dora and Florence Delmaine, who shrink from deserting the castle while its master's fate is undecided. But they are also sensible that, to remain the only female guests, to remain the only female guests, would be to outrage the conventionally the door closes with a soft but deadly that behind him, and—he is a prisoner

man, an M. F. H. in his own county, and is naturally anxious to get back to his own quarters some time before the hunting-season commences. Some othere it seems to Florence that there is no other course open to her but to pack up and desert him, whom she loves, in the hour of his direct peed. For there are moments even row when she talls her. moments even now when she tells her-self that he is still living, and only waiting for a saving hand to drag him

waiting for a saving hand to drag him into smooth waters once agaip.

A silence has fallen upon the house more melancholy than the loudest expression of grief. The servants are conversing over their supper in frightened whispers, and conjecturing moodily as to the fate of their late master. To them Sir Adrian is indeed dead, if not buried.

In the servants' corridor a strange dull light is being flung upon the pol-ished boards by a hanging-lamp that is burning dimly, as though oppressed by the dire cyli that has fallen upon the old castle. No sound is to be heard here in this spot, remote from the rest of the house, where the servants seldom come except to go to bed, and never indeed without an inward shudder as they pass the door that leads to

the haunted chamber.

Just now, being at their supper, there is no fear that any of them will be about, and so the dimly lighted corridor is wrapped in an unbroken silence. Not quite unbroken, however. is this that strikes upon the ear? What sound comes to break the unearthly stillness? A creeping footstep, a cautious tread, a slinking, halting, uncertain motion, belonging surely to some one who sees an enemy, a spy in every flitting shadow. Nearer and nearer it comes now into the fuller glare of the lamp-light, and stops short at the door so dreaded by the castle servants. Locking uneasily around him, Arthur Dynecourt-for it is he-unfast-

ens the door, and, entering hastily, closes it firmly behind him, and ascends the staircase within. There is no halting in his footsteps now, no uncertainty, no caution, only a haste that betokens a desire to get his errand over as

quick as possible.

Having gained the first landing, he walks slowly and on tiptoe again, and, creeping up the stone stairs, crouches down so as to bring his ear on a level with the lower chink of the door. · Alas, all is still; no faintest groan can be heard! The silence of Death is all around. In spite of his hardihood, ie cold sweat of fear dreaks o

Dynecourt's brow, and yet he tells him-self that now he is satisfied, all is well, his victim is secure, is beyond the power of words or kindly search to recall him to life. He may be discovered now as soon as they like. Who can fix the fact of his death upon him? There is no blow, no mark of violence to criminate any one. He is safe, and all the wealth he had so coveted is at last his

own! .

There is something fiendish in the look of exultation that lights Arthur Dynecourt's face. He has a small dull lantern with him, and now it reveals the vile glance of triumph that fires his eyes. He would fain have entered to gaze upon his victim, to assure himself of his victory, but he refrains. A deadly fear that he may not yet be quite dead keeps him back, and, with a frown, he prepares to descend once

Again he listens, but the sullen roar of the rising night wind is all that can be heard. His hand shakes, his face assumes a livid hue, yet he tells him-self that surely this deadly silence is better than he listened to last night. Then a ghostly moaning, almost inces-sant and unearthly in sound, had pierced his brain. It was more like the cry of a dying brute than that of a man. Sir Adrian slowly starved to death! In his own mind Arthur can see him now, worn, emaciated, lost to all likeness of anything fair or comely. Have the rats attacked him yet? this grewsome thought presents itself, Dynecourt rises quickly from his crouching position, and, flying down the steps, does not stop running until he arrives in the corridor below again. He dashes into this like one posses-

sed; but, finding himself in the light of the hanging lamp, collects himself by a violent effort, and looks around. Yes, all is still. No living form but his is near. The corridor, as he glances affrightedly up and down, is empty. somewhere in the distance I heard a He can see nothing but his own shad-ow, at sight of which he starts and ed on going back once more to my turns pale and shudders. The next moment he recovers him-

self, and, muttering an anathema upon his cowardice, he moves noiselessly toward his room and the brandy-bottle that has been his constant companion

Yet, here in his own room, he can not rest. The hours go by with laggard steps. Midni ht has struck, and still paces his floor from wall to wall half-maddened by his thoughts. Not that he relents. No feelings of repen-tance stirs him, there is only a nervous dread of the hour when it will be neccessary to produce the dead body, if only to prove his claim to the title so dearly and so infamously purchased.

Is he indeed dead—gone past recall? Is this house, this place, the old title, the chance of winning the woman he would have, all his own? Is his hatefu rival-hateful to him only because of his fair face and genial manners and lovable disposition, and the esteem with which he filled the hearts of all who knew him-actually swept out of

Again the lurking morbid longing to view the body with his own eyes, the longing that had been his some hours ago when listening at the fatal door, seizes hold of him, and grows in inter-sity with every passing moment. At last it conquers him. Lighting a

candle, he opens his door and peers out. No one is astir. In all probability every one is abed, and now sleephing the sleep of the just-all except him. Will there ever be any rest or dreamless sleep for him again?

He goes soffly down-stairs, and makes his way to the lower door.

Meeting no one, he ascends the stairs like one only half conscious, until he finds himself again before the door of the haunted chamber. Then he wakes into sudden life.

awful terror takes possession of him. He struggles with himself, and presently so far succeeds in regaining some degree of composure that he can lean against the wall and wipe his forehead, and vow to himself that he will never descend until he has accomplished the object of his visit. But the result of this terrible fight with fear and con-

Nerving himself for a final effort, he lays his hand upon the door and pushes it open. This he does with bowed head it open. This he does with bowed head and eyes averted, afraid to look upon his terrible work. A silence more hor; ible to his guilty conscience than the most appalling noises, follows this act:

In the should only have secured him there, holding him prison-before Arthur Dynec his terrible work. A silence more hor; idea be the correct one, we may yet be in time to save, to rescue him!"

and, again the nameless terror selving him, he leans against it gladly, as if for And now at last he raises his eves. Slowly at first and cringingly, as if dreading what they might see. Upon the board at his feet they rest for a moment, and then glide to the next board, and so on, until his coward eyes have a property of the coward eyes board, and so on a provide a blanch of the coward eyes.

have covered a considerable portion of And now, grown helder, he lifts his gize to the wall opposite and searches it carefully. Then his eyes turn again to the floor. His face ghastly, and with his eyes almost darting from their sockets, he compels himself to bring his awful investigation to an end. Avoiding the corners at first, as though there he expects his vile deed will cry aloud to him demanding vengeance, he gazes apartment, ami dwells upon it stupid-

Henry Villiers, Ethel's father, is also of opinion that they should all quit the castle without delay. He is a hunting man, an M. F. H. in his own county, and is naturally anxious to get hear. scream issues from his lips, and he falls

CHAPTER XI.

Dora, after her interview with Arthur Dynecourt, feels indeed that all is lost. Hope is abandaned—nothing remains but despoir; and in this in-Stance despair gains in poignancy by the knowledge that she believes she knows the man who would help them to a solution of their troubles if he ever would or dared. No; clearly he dare not! Therefore, no assistance can be looked for from him.

Dinner at the castle has been a pro miscuous sort of entertainment for the past three or four days, so Dora feels no compunction in declining to go to it. In her own room she sits brooding miserably over her mability to be of any use in the present crisis, when she sud denly remembers that she had prom-ised in the afternoon when with Florence to give her, later on, an account of her effort to obtain the truth about this mystery which is harrowing them. It is now eleven o'clock and Dora decides that she must see Florence at once. Rising, wearily, she is about to cross the corridor to her cousin's room, when, the door opening, she sees Florence, with a pale face and agitated, coming

toward her. "You, Florence!" she exclaims. was just going to you, to tell you that my hopes of this afternoon are all-" "Let me speak," interrupts Florence breathlessly. "I must, or—" She sinks into a chair, her eyes close, and involuntarily she lays her hand upon her heart as if to allay its tumultuous beat-

Dora, really alarmed, rushing to her dressing-case, seizes upon a flask of eau-de-Cologne, and flings some of its contents freely over the fainting girl. Florence, with a sigh, rouses herself,

"There is no time to lose," she says confusedly. "Oh, Dora!" Here she breaks down and bursts into tears. "Try to compose yourself," entreats Dora, seeing the girl has some impor-tant news to impart, but is so nervous and unstrung as to be almost incapable of speaking with any coherence. But presently Florence grows calmer, and hen, her voice becoming clear and full, she is able to unburden her heart.
"All this day I have been oppressed

by a curious restlessness," she says to a; and, when you left me this afternoon, your vague promises of being able to elucidate the terrible secret that is weighing us down made me even more unsettled. I did not go down to "Neither did I," puts in Mrs. Talbot

sympathetically.
"I wandered up and down my room for at least two hours, thinking always, and waiting for the moment when you would return, according to promise, and tell me the success of your hidden enterprise. You did not come, and at half past nine, unable to stay any lon-ger in my own room with only my own thoughts for company, I opened my door, and, listening intently, found by the deep silence that reigned throughout the house that almost every one was gone, if not to bed, at least to

their own rooms."
"Lady FitzAlmont and Gertrude passed to their rooms about an hour ago," says Dora. "But some of the men, I think, are still in the smoking-room." "I did not think of them. I stoke from my room, and roamed idly through the halls. Suddenly a great— I can not help thinking now a super-naturally strong—desire to go into the servants corridor took possession of me. Without allowing myself an instant hesitation, I turned in its direction, and walked on until I reached it.' She pauses here, and draws her

breath rapidly. "Go on," entreats Dora impatiently "The lamp was burning dimly. The servants were all down-stairs—at their supper, Is pose—because there was no trace of them anywhere. Not a sound could be heard. The whole place looked melancholy and deserted, and niled me with a sense or awo I cound not overgone. Still it attracted may not overcome. Still it attracted me. I lingered there, walking up and down until its very monotony wearied me; even then I was loath to leave it, and turning into a small sitting-room, I stood staring idly around me. At last, somewhere in the distance I heard a

Again, emotion overcoming her Flor-ence pauses, and leans back in her "Well, but what is there in all this to

room.

terrify you so much?" demands her cousin, somewhat bewildered. "Ah, give me time! Now I am com-ing to it," replies Florence quickly. "You know the large screen that stands in the corridor just outside the sitting-room I have mentioned—put there, I imagine to break the draught? Well, I had come out of the room and was standing half-hidden by this screen, when I saw something that paralyzed me with fear. She rises to her feet and grows deadly pale as she says this, as though the sensation of fear she has been describ-

ing has come to her again.

"You saw—" prompts Dora, rising too, and trembling violently, as though in expectation of some fatal tidings.

"I saw the door of the room that leads to the haunted chamber slowly are the company of the room that the company of the room that leads to the haunted chamber slowly are the company of the room that the room the room the room that the room the roo move. It opened; the door that has been locked for nearly fifty years, and that has filled the breasts of all the servants here with terror and dismay, was cautiously thrown open! A scream rose to my lips, but I was either too terrified to give utterance to it, or else some strong determination too know what would follow restrained me, and stood silent, like one turned into stone. I had instinctively moved back a step or two, and was now completely hidden from sight, though I could see all that was passing in the corridor through a hole in the frame-work of the screen. At last a figure came with hesitating footsteps from behind the door into the full glare of the flicker-

ing lamp. It was—" "Arthur Dynecourt!" cries the widow, covering her ghastly face with her hands. Florence regards her with surprise.

I could see him distinctly.

"It was," she says at last. "But how did you guess it?"

"I knew it," cries Dora frantically. "He has murdered him, he has hidden his body away in that forgotten cham-ber. He was gloating over his victim,

her arm, "if he should not have murderhim after all, if he should only have

The agitation of the past hours provng new too much for her, Florence mists into tears and sobs wildly. "Alas, I dare not believe in any such hope!" says Dora. "I know that man too well to think him capable of show-

ing any mercy."
"And yet 'that man,' as you call him, you would once have earnestly recom-mended to me as a husband!" returns Florence, sternly.
"Do not reproach me now," exclaims

"later on you shall say to me all you wish, but now moments are pre-"You are right. Something must be one. Shall I-shall I speak to Mr.

"I hardly know what to advise"-distractedly. "If we give our suspicion publicity, Arthur Dynecourt may even vet find time and opportunity to and disappoint us. Besides which, we may be wrong. He may have had nothing to do with it, and-"
"At that rate, if secrecy is to be our first thought let you and me go alone in search of Sir Adrian."

"Alone, and at this hour, to that aw-

ful room!" exclaims Dora, recoiling from her.
"Yes, at once"—tirmly—"without an-

other moment's delay."
"Oh, I can not!" declares Dora, shuddering violently. "Then I shall go alone!"

As Florence says this, she takes up her candiestick and moves quickly to-"Stay. I will go," cries Dora tremb-ling. But a slight interruption occur-ting at this instant, they are compelled ward the door. to wait for awhile.

Ethel Villiers, coming into the room to make her parting adieus to Mrs. Talbot, as she and her father intend leaving next morning, gazes anxiously from Florence to Dora, seeing plainly that there is something amiss. "What is it?" she asks kindly, going

up to Florence. Miss Delinaine, after a little hesitation, encouraged by a glance at Dora's terrifled countenance, determines on taking the new-comer into their confi-

In a few words she explains all that has taken place, and their suspicion. Ethel, though paling beneath the hor-Ethel, though paling beneath the horror and surprise occasioned by the rectal, does not lose her self-possession.

"I will go with you," she volunteers.

"But, let me say," she adds, "I think you are wrong in making this search without a man. If—If indeed we are still in time to be of any use to poor.

Six Advisor—abvers approximate a really Sir Adrian—always supposing he really is secreted in that terrible room—I do not think any of us would be strong enough to help him down the stairs, and, if he has been slowly starving all this time, think how weak he will be!" "Oh, what a wretched picture you conjure up!" exclaims Florence, nervously chisping her hands. "But you are right, and now tell me who you think can best be depended upon in

this crisis." "I am sure," says Ethel blushing slightly, but speaking with intense earnestness. "that, if you would not mind trusting Captain Ringwood, he would be both safe and useful." As this suggestion meets with ap proval, they manage to convey a mes-sage to the captain, and in a very few minutes he is with them, and is made

acquainted with their hopes and fears.
Silently, cautiously, without any
light, but carrying two small lamps
ready for ignition, they go down to the corridor where is the door that leads to the secret staircase. Turning the handle of this door. Captain Ringwood discovers that it is locked, but, nothing daunted, he pulls it so violently backward and forward that the lock, rusty with age, gives way

and leaves the passage beyond open to Going into the small landing at the go swiftly, with an hearts, up the stairs.

The second door is reached, and now nothing remains but to mount the last nothing remains but to mount the last flight of steps and open the fatal door. Their hearts at this trying moment almost fail them. They look into one another's blanched faces, and look there in vain for hope. At last, Ringwood, touching Ethel's arm, says, in a "Come, have courage-all may yet be

He moves toward the stone steps, and they follow ! ... Quickly mounting them, he lays his hand upon the door, and, afraid to give them any more time for reflection or dread of what may yet be in store for them, throws it open.
At first the feeble light from their amps fails to penetrate the darkness of the gloomy apartment. At the cursory glance, such as they at first cast

round the room, it appears to be empty.

Their hearts sink within them. Have they indeed hoped in vain! Dora is erying bitterly; Ethel, with her eyes fixed upon Ringwood, is reading her own disappointment in his face, when suddenly a piercing cry from Florence wakes the echoes round them. She has darted forward, and is kneel-ing over something that even now is barely discernible to the others as they come nearer to it. It looks like a bundle of clothes, but, as they stoop over it, they, too, can see that it is in reali-

ty a human body, and apparently rigid in death. But the shrick that has sprung from the very soul of Florence has reached some still living fibers in the brain of this forlorn creature. Slowly and with this forforn creature. Slowly and whom difficulty he raises his head, and opens a pair of fast-glazing eyes. Mechanically his glance falls upon Florence. His lips move; a melancholy smile struggles to show itself upon his parched and blackened lips.

The is not dead!" cries Florence passionately, "He can not be! Oh, save

nim, save him! Adrian, lock upspeak to me. Ch. Adrian, make some sign that you can hear me!" But he makes no sign. His very breath seems to have left him. Gathering him tenderly in her arms. Florence presses his worn and wasted face completely altered, so thorough a wreck has he become, that it is indeed only the eyes of love that could recognize him. His cheeks have fallen in, and deep holler's show themselves. His beard to grown, and is now rough and the grown his hair is unwant, despair, and rough and cruel star are blotted out all the old : ...s of his features. His clothes are and loosely about him; his hands the and nerveless, are lying by his add. Who shall tell what agony he has suffered during these past

days with death-an awful, creeping, gnawing death staring him A deadly silence has fallen upon the little group now gazing setemnly down upon his quiet form. Florence, holdupon his quiet form. Florence, holding him closely to her heart, is gently rocking him to and fre, as though she will not be dissuaded that he still lives. At length Captain Ringwood, stooping pitifully over her, loosens her hold closely, he starts, and, looking still closer into the face that a second ago he believed dead, he says, with sub-

dued but deep excitement-"There may yet be time! He breathes -his heart beats! Who will help me to carry him out of this dungeon?" shudders as he glances round him. "I will," replies Florence calmly. These words of hope have steadied her and braced her nerves. Ethel and Mrs. Tablet, carrying the lamps, go on before, hile Ringwood and Florence, ed the senseless body of Adrian, now added sufficiently light to be

an easy burden, follow them. Reaching the corridor, they cross it

[Continued.]

Spent \$100,000 a Year.

COAL OIL JOHNNY.

New Facts About the Spendthrift Who The visitor to the oil regions asked

next about John D. Rockefeller. that Coal-Oil Johnny has died or that he has regained his squanderedfortune. There is as much truth in | Circumstances showed that his suione as in the other. He is still alive cide was thoroughly planned and the at the age of about fifty years, and act was a premeditated one. He prohis address is Ashland. Saunders oured two leather driving reins and a County, Neb., where he has lived for small cotton reps, placed them around the past twelve years. He is at pres- his neck securely, having tied knots ent employed as a station agent at so as to avoid all possibilities of an Ashland. He has not recovered his accident, climbed up an oak tree.plac-

his youth. tune did not reach into the millions, trouble was the cause. as has so often been stated. The about \$200,000. He therefore squan- daughter. money was spent.

His career as a spendthrift came to a lawsuit over him. an end on Thursday, February 14, 1868, when he filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy in the United States District Court at Pittsburg. His indebtedness at the time was thus scheduled:

H. W. Kanga, Girard House, Philadelphia. William E. Galbraith, attorneyat-law, Erie, Pa. . E. Caldwell & Co., Philadelphia, jewelry. John D. Jones, harness

E. H. Conklin, Philadelphia, liquors. Phelan & Collender, billiard tables.

W. S. Horn, cigars.

For hats, Total,

This scedule tells its own story of per. royal spree extending over a period the Girard House was for board, liquors, cigars, etc. While at this hotel he occupied a suite of rooms on the parlor floor, and usually had from one to three kindred sports with him, whose board and expenses he little finger," foot of the staircase, they close the door carefully after them, and then, captain Ringwood producing some Circuit House pearly \$20,000 is an The amount of his unpaid bill at the Girard House, nearly \$20,000, is an matches, they light the two lamps and Girard House, nearly \$20,000, is an go swiftly, with anxiously beating indication that he and his companions lived tolerably high. How much

been as much as he left unpaid. It is a curious fact that the old and is making another man rich. The man is John W. Waits, of Oil City, offered \$80,000 for it. Waits was a street gamin about Rouseville when Johnny Steel was cutting his wide swath there, and frequently held the young oil prince's team while the latter went into a saloon to get a drink.

DESER'T ROMANCES.

Nobwi Wanderer on the Mojave Surprise Two Railroad Men.

Extending from the San Bernardi na meridian on the west to the Colorado river on the east and from the south line of Inyo county on the north to the north line of San Diego county on the south is that vast ex- statue of General Robert E. Lee panse of "melancholy waste" known will be unveiled at Richmond on May as the Majove Desert. Many are the 29, and will be made the occasion of tales of privation and suffering en- a gre t demonstration. The R. E. dured on this verdureless expanse. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans One of the strangest and yet true oc- is in charge of the ceremonies, and is currences has been experienced near taking measures to secure the largest this place, which is in the middle of possible attendance of the old solthe desert. Last Tuesday evening diers of the Confederacy. Arrangeas engine 51, Engineer Spencer, was returning from Lavic, he encountered for a rate of one cent a mile, accommothe following experience, which is dations will be furnished to visitors

best told in his own words: mile-post 673 and had taken my erganizations, and everything done watch from my pocket. Noting the to make the stay of visitors enjoyatime,6:25 o'clock. I returned it to its | ble. place and naturally glanced ahead of my engine. What was my surprise to see not over thirty yards ahead of against her bosom, and pushes back me and approaching the track from the hair from his forehead. He is so the south a man apparently six feet the south, a man apparently six feet tall, about thirty-five years of age, with long, black hair hanging down his shoulders and heavy black beard. He was entirely naked, and his skin was tanned. Putting on the driver brake, I brought the engine to a stop just as the man crosssed the track. After crossing he stopped and looked

"I immediately crossed over to the fireman's side, and as I started to climb down to the ground he started off. I called to him as I reached the ground, but, with a frightened look, he dashed away. I thought I was a good runner, but the way his bare feet got over the cinders and gravel led me to believe otherwise. Once or twice he looked back, but did not slacken his pace. Reaching the hills, which are about half a mile from the so far as to enable him to lay his hand upon Sir Adrian's heart. After a moment, during which they all watch him engine now came up, and we went engine, now came up, and we went around the hill, but he had disappeared from view. I confess I did not dare to follow him around there alone. As it was late, and our engine was standing on the main track alone, we abandoned further search and returned to the engine."

How to Tell a Counterfeit Bill.

Take a United States bill of any denomination and holdit to the light, and you will see two lines running vorce. hurriedly, and carrying Adrian up a back staircase that leads to Captain examination you will find these to tion on its currency.

SENTENCED AND HUNG HIMSELF. A Farmer Accused of Crime Commits Sul-

SOUTH CAROLINA'S CROPS.

The Condition of the Farming Interest o

the Department of Agriculture.

the State as Indicated by the Reports to

From the reports of the correspond-

ents of the Department of Agricul-

ture in all parts of the State the fol-

lowing facts have been learned and

the estimates as to the condition of

the crops given therewith been made

The acreage in wheat has been de-

The acreage in both rve and barley

condition is not so good as at the

LIVE STOCK.

The remarkably open winter has

been very favorable to live stock of all

kinds and they are reported as in gen-

erally fine condition. The deaths

from winter exposure have been nom-

The percentage of loss from diseases

is exceptionally small. About 5 per

It is estimated that 22 per cent., or

13,000 bales, of last year's crop is still

DECREASE IN PARM SUPPLIES.

plies purchased is per cent. on

There is a scarcity of labor reported

COMMERCIAL PERTILIZERS.

1st, 1890, about 165,000 tons of com-

mercial fertilizers were sold in the

State, against 126,568 tons for the

same period in 1889-'89-an increase

of about 30 per cent. over last year,

which would indicate a large increase

Honest Doctors

cians who give B. B. B. (Botanic

its superiority over all other blood

Dr. W. J. Adair, Rockmont, Ga.

Dr. A. H. Roscoe, Nashville, Tenn.

writes: "All reports of B. B. B. are

favorable, and its speedy action is

Dr. J. W. Rhodes, Crawfordville,

Ga., writes: "I confess E. B. B. is the

best and quickest medicine for rheu-

Dr. S. J. Farmer, Crawfordville,

Ga., writes: "I cheerfully recommend

B. B. as a fine tonic alterative.

rheumatism, as her case stubbornly

resisted the usual remedies. She

improvement has been truly wonder-

Dr. G. W. Earle, Pickens, S. C.,

tles the ulcer began to heal and his

Pianos and Organs.

N. W. TRUMP, 134 Main Street, Co-

lumbia, S. C., sells Pianos and Organs

direct from factory. No agents' com-missions. The celebrated Chicker-

ness of touch and lasting qualities.

Mason & Hamlin Upright Piano.

Mason & Hamlin Organs, surpasse

six years. Fifteen days' trial, ex-

penses both ways, if not satisfactoro.

A policy in the Valley Mutual Life

-John Smith and Edward Kim-

ball, two young men of Northwood,

N.H., purchased two ounces of Jamai-

ca ginger at Tucker's drug store and

drank it. Smith died in fifteen minutes

-New York State is now agape

-The Senate Committee on Naval

-The carpenters' strike in Chicago

Kimball was made very ill, but may

Association, on the ten year re-

newable plan, at age 40, costs only

Arion Piano, from \$200 up.

Sterling Orgeans, \$50 up.

Sold on enstallments.

by none.

leg is now sound and well."

experienced immediate relief and her

the best blood medicines."

matism I have ever tried."

wonderful."

All honest, conscientious physi-

progressing rapidly.

From November 1st, 1889, to April

in the hands of the growers.

died from cholera.

than last year.

cide by Hauging. Pendleton, S. C., April 17.—The body of E. D. Cason, a white man first about Coal-Oil Johnny and living on William Watkin's farm, six miles from Pendleton, was found The statement is of ten published Sunday morning hanging to a tree near Watkin's blacksmith shop about two hundred yards from Mr. Cason's home.

creased about 7 per cent. below last THE - MUTUAL . LIFE - INURANCE - () MILATE year, and the condition is 30 per cent. less than at the same last year, and has been materially injured by the Hessian fly. The damage by winter freezes was nominal. About 9 per fortune or any part of it, but makes a comfortable living and has apparand jumped off. His feet were only 91 per cent, broadcasted. The drilled wheat is generally reported in the ently forgotten the princely days of a few inches from the ground. Nothing was found on his per-on better condition. The crop was, as a Coal-Oil Johnny was about three as an explanation for this terrible act, rule, sown later than in 1889, the years running through with his for- but it is believed that recent charges average date of seeding being Decemtune. It was at Rouseville where made against himself and others of ber 1st. As usual, the early sowing Johnny began to threw away his brutality, beating a woman in Geor- is reported in better condition than

money, but that town, although one gia, gave the cause. Mr. Cason was the late. of the red hot oil towns, was soon out on bond, having been arrested a too small for him. Erie, Buffalo and few days since and taken before a about the same as last year and the Pittsburg knew him next, but it was trial justice, where the charges were condition is 16 per cent. below that of at Philadelphia that he distinguished sustained and the case was sent up last year. The falling off is attributed himself most. How much money he to the higher court. I am told that his largely to the ravages of the Hessian squandered in three years is a matter wife said she thought there were other fly, and a small percentage has been of conjecture, even in the oil country. troubles that would confront Mr Ca- injured by the late freezes. There is, however, a wide misappre- son, if he appeared before the courts hension as to the amount. His for- in Georgia and that with this recent has been slightly reduced and the Mr. Cascn was a tenant on Mr. same time in 1889. best judgment here places it at not Watkin's plantation and in that sec-

above \$300,000. He was the adopted | tion bore a very good character and son of widow McClintock, and at her was thought well of by his landlord, death her oil farm and its accumulat- who promptly went on his bond. He ed earnings passed to him. Perhaps was a native of Georgia where he mar-\$100,000 was turned over to Johnny ried and subsequently got a divorce. on the settling of her estate, and his He came to South Carolina, began inal and confined to but few localities. share of the product of the farmafter work on Mr. Watkin's farm and that time is supposed to have been shortly married Harvey Soord's dered about \$100,000 a year for the It appears from what I could gath

hree years the money lasted. At er that Mr. Cason was brought into the end of this time the old bonanza this last trouble by his brother who farm had ceased to yield and his induced him to go to Georgia and help beat the woman who had gained

Why She Called a Halt.

"George!" It was't what she said so much as the way in which she said it. She took the word and drew it out until it was a long, tremulous filament of \$19,824 sweetness. Yet there was a tingle of standing the enormous increase in reproof in her tone. "George!" She only said it once

in reality, but it is customary with 5,805 story writers to say George twice un-1,280 der the circumstances. "What is it?"

"You have been squeezing my hand from some sections, on account of the 2,024 with great regularity and emphasis emigration of the negro farm hands for some time. to the turpentine farms of Georgia "I know it," he replied, with the and Florida. One hundred and fifty-Unknown ereditor, oil painting 2,000 frankness that was characteristic of five correspondents report labor as 300 his manly nature. "good," seven as "bad" and sixty-five

"Please don't do it any more," and as "indifferent." \$42,789 her voice dropped almost into a whis-"No more?" This sounded like heart-

of three years. The indebtedness at throbs of anguish (whatever they are) and his form shook with emotion "Why not?" "Because" she fultcred.

"Go on." "Because, I'm getting a corn on my of the cotton acreage for 1890.

A Singular Labor Fight. Baltimore, Md., April 17 .- A curious labor fight is in progress here. While there is no strike for eight hours, the trades unions are trying is not known, but it is thought to have to enforce their card system, by which they expect to be paid for all extra work. In this contest they do played-out Steel farm has been revived not recognize the Knights of Labor, but place them on the same level as "scabs," and refuse to work with them. There is a great demand for ago for \$7,000. He has since been carpenters and workmen at this time, and work on important buildings is delayed because of the fight. On many of them the union men have quit work because the employers refused to dismiss the Knights of La-

> bor. The Right Spirit. Visitor: "You're getting to be a pretty old man, Uncle Johua.' Uncle Joshua: "Eighty years."

Visitor; "And you don't have to use glasses yet, I understand." Uncle Joshua: "No, an' I don't perceptible good." ever calculate to. When I can't drink outen a bottle, I'll take a dipper an' drink watter.

-Mechie's magnificent equestrian ments will be made with the railroads in Ricamond at exceedingly low cost, "I had just rounded the curve near especially to military and veteran

—The gorgeous railway train which the Queen and King of Italy had built for their journey to Berlin this month was burned in the Florence railway station about three weeks ago. The cost of the train was more than 70,000 lirn. It was furnished with a wealth of gold and silver ornaments and was filled with the most costly uphoistery. Most of the presents intuded for the Berlin court had already been placed on it. Only a few of the most valuable pieces of table ware and about a third of the presents

It would be singular if the first long distance electric road should be established in far-away Russia. Such a thing, however, seems more than \$14.25 per annum per \$1,000. See probable, for a project is now on foot advertisement. to connect St. Petersburg with Archangel a distance of 5000 miles, by an electric railway. The enterprise, with which the name of the Siemens is connected, is backed by Archangel interests, and the esti mated cost of the road, including rolling stock, will be \$15,000 per

—A curious case is related in the newspapers of Mr. and Mrs. Wyncoop of New Haven. They are young, wealthy over another scandal, charges being and loving, but Mr. Wyncoop's lungs made that a bill offered in the Legisare affected and he can live only in lature for the regulation of pawn brokers was defeated by the use of a Colorado, while his wife has heart disease and cannot live except near | boodle of \$40,000 collected by persons in that business. the coast. They are, therefore, effectually parted. The question is whether the fact will justify a di-

Affairs has agreed to report favorably -The new disease, alleged to be a Senator Butler's bill for the con-Ringwood's room by a circuitous route, consist of silk threads, a red one and successor to the grip and called La struction of a dry dock at Port Roypallor of his brow and the cold perspiration that stands thick upon his forehead.

Nona, is said to be a form of the single soul, and lay him gently down on Ringwood's bed, almost at the very perspiration that stands thick upon his forehead.

Nona, is said to be a form of the single soul, and lay him gently down on Ringwood's bed, almost at the very perspiration that stands thick upon his forehead. single soul, and lay him gently down on Ringwood's bed, almost at the very moment that midnight chimes from marks a bill may be put down as of mildewed corn flour which is conmarks a bill may be put down as of mildewed corn flour which is conmarks a bill may be put down as of mildewed corn flour which is conmorted that midnight chimes from the old tower, and only a few minutes counterfeit, no matter how good the sumed in North Italy in the shape of before Arthur Dynecourt steals from his chamber to make that last visit to his supposed victim.

Continued 1

counterlet, no matter now good the polenta. The victims sink into a peaceful sleep and die unconscious, in other building trades are now out of work because they cannot go on without the carpenters. and living, as in the grip.

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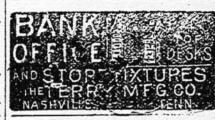
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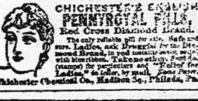
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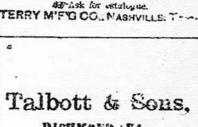


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